

# The Quill

OF · SIGMA · DELTA · CHI

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# Be Ready for the Break

Editors Hire Men in Haphazard Fashion, so Luck Plays a Big Part in Getting a Job

By JOHN L. MEYERS

Early this year, to help students of journalism about to enter the active practice of their profession, *The Quill* began a series of articles dealing with the problem of how to get a job in the newspaper or magazine field. Four articles have already been published; the fifth and last appears below. In it a veteran newspaper man, now publisher of the *National Printer Journalist*, looks back over his thirty years as a journalist and gives you the benefit of his experience. He not only tells how he made a place for himself on a metropolitan newspaper and how friends of his landed their jobs, but he also draws a picture of what the beginner may expect when he sets out to make his start in journalism. Few men are better qualified than John L. Meyers to draw that picture.—Editors' Note.

**E**DITORS hire men when they need them—that's about the story in many, many cases—they just hire them when they need them, taking the best material available. I think that is a fact even today, though I have been five years out of the daily newspaper business. There is a very marked element of chance in catching hold in metropolitan newspaper work.

Since I started out in the newspaper field I have been city editor, news editor, managing editor, Sunday editor, and whatnot on papers of metropolitan caliber. I have "pupils" all over the United States. And it seems to me that most men are hired to newspaper jobs far differently than in other professions and business. In many lines there are employment departments. Care is taken to have candidates ready and prepared when there are vacancies. In newspaper life, on the other hand, there is little method or system. Men and women are often hired when they have made their mark on rival papers, but for the most part newspapers go along in haphazard fashion.

The result is that some good men get on as reporters—and so do many mediocre men and not a few poor men. Those who are utterly unsuited for newspaper work seldom last, naturally, and in consequence editorial staffs are likely to show a fairly high turnover. But it means that the man who equips himself for journalism may wait weeks or even months before he happens to be on the ground when there is an opening to be filled.

My own experience in getting my first job on a city newspaper is an example of the way a man who is waiting for it sometimes gets a break. When I was just out of high school and working on the *Banner* at Jefferson, Wisconsin, as reporter, typesetter, collector, and anything else that had to be done, a school chum and I got some work as correspondents for Milwaukee and Chicago papers. The checks averaged less than \$1 a month a paper. My chum decided this small change was beneath him, and he sold me his paper, the *Milwaukee Daily News*, for fifty cents.

The evening I paid over the hard-earned fifty cents

(without waiting approval of the arrangement from the *Daily News*, of course!), my chum said he would throw in a little news to sweeten the deal. He told me his father, a chair manufacturer, had just returned from a meeting of chair manufacturers of Wisconsin and other states that had perfected a co-operative arrangement—I do not recall the details, but this was in the days before trade associations were common.

So I wrote the story as best I could and mailed it to the *Daily News*.

The next evening, when the papers got in from Milwaukee, I was amazed (and scared) to find my story spread all over the front page, under a heading intimating the formation of a chair factory trust!

And, in a few days, a letter came from the *Daily News* telling me to come to Milwaukee—that there probably was a job waiting for me. It complimented me most highly on my news judgment. So I scratched up the money to get to Milwaukee right away.

When I saw the editor, he remarked that I was younger than he had pictured me, but I soon had a job as a reporter on the *Daily News*. And that is how I got into the "Big League" nearly thirty years ago.

Some other cases I happen to know of may be interesting. At least they are in point in a discussion of how to get a job on a newspaper. They go to prove my thesis that chance has a good deal to do with landing on a metropolitan daily.

After I had been reporting, copy-reading, and making up papers in Milwaukee for some years, I got a job as city editor of the *Appleton Crescent*, at Appleton, Wisconsin. There were only two reporters on the paper, and one of the two was named Edna Ferber. Both of them had been going along in devious ways.

I tried to put "city stuff" in the *Crescent*. Miss Ferber was somewhat balky. More than once she came back from covering an assignment complaining that she hadn't gotten a thing—that the people she had been supposed to interview had insulted her. One day we had it out. Her decision was to be a newspaper woman and to remain a newspaper woman.

Some years later, after I had returned to the city lights in Milwaukee, I had the opportunity to give Miss Ferber's name to the managing editor of the *Milwaukee Journal* when he met me on the street one day and told me he was looking for a good bright woman reporter. He called her in from Appleton, and soon she was on her way to local fame, and thence to national and international.

Then there is Doc Atkinson, now night editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, who got into city newspaper work from Waukesha, Wisconsin, after having been the local correspondent in Waukesha for the paper on which I was working at that time. I recommended him for a job when we had an opening. I shall never

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# THE QUILL

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## Pooh-Pooh Business!

"Friends of the Paper" Sometimes Make the Journalistic Profession a Nauseating Trade

By LEO J. HERSHDORFER

GENTLEMEN of the press, I give you Helen Kane! You know her, or at least you should, for every night she makes the wild ether waves to roll gently into the eight-tube neutrodyne sets in your home and my uncle's, and she knows what she's singing about.

Don't be impatient, gentlemen, you'll hear her in a moment. I want to ask her a question and let her answer it. Miss Kane, how would you like the profession of journalism as a gift? It's yours. Sure. Wrap it up in a home edition. Aw, go ahead, take it. What? What? You don't want the illustrious profession? But look here, we offer you a noble experience—a noble institution, the Fourth Estate itself, without mortgage or lien, hallowed and revered, and you refuse it. What's wrong with it? You'd rather sing the answer? Go ahead, then. Step right up to the mike and tell the cockeyed world why you don't want journalism. Give it to 'em straight.

(Miss Kane sings:)

"It likes to pooh-pooh-pooh,  
And I don't like to pooh-pooh-pooh;  
But it likes to pooh-pooh-pooh,  
And that's its weakness now."

Thank you, Miss Kane. I think I see what you mean. Many a good reporter has said

much the same thing before, though in different words and less tunelessly. I have a few things to say myself. But if you change your mind, let me know and I'll have journalism delivered. If you aren't satisfied you may exchange it. We have many more sacred institutions on the shelf. Politics, for instance; but politics is full of pooh-pooh-pooh, and you might not care for it, either.

No, you needn't stay any longer, Miss Kane. I'll sing the rest of the patter myself.



### Unkindly Light

If you wonder what a political reporter thinks about, maybe Leo Hershdorfer can set your mind at rest. He knows a good deal about politics, and about newspapers, and about newspapers and politics. As reporter for several New Jersey papers before and since 1923, when he was graduated from the University of Michigan, he has had an opportunity to learn many things. He gives you here, in brief form, a case book that throws light on certain rather ugly aspects of journalism. It isn't a kindly light, perhaps, but it is revealing. And apparently Hershdorfer finds reason for continuing in his profession, for he is now on the staff of the *Hudson Dispatch*, of Union City, New Jersey.

The scene is in a police court in a New Jersey city, where boss control is stronger than it ever was in Chicago. A name is called and there is no response. The clerk calls the name again and still no response. A policeman steps up and talks in low tones. The clerk listens, then repeats it to the judge. The judge listens and nods. The policeman has informed the clerk and the clerk has informed the judge that the accused, whose case has had five postponements, is on his way down. Other cases are heard, and a man who pleads guilty to driving while intoxicated is fined \$200 and costs and his license is revoked; a lawyer is reprimanded for asking for an adjournment of an assault and battery case; an errant husband is ordered to

pay \$10 weekly to the probation department for the support of his wife and three children—and then the beneficiary of the five postponements appears. His name is called and he advances to the bar of justice.

"You are charged with violation of the liquor laws. How do you plead?"

"Well, you see, Your Honor, it was this way. The officer arrested me when he saw me putting the wine in my automobile, and I tried to tell him a few things, but he said no, I got to go to the police station with him. So I went and then they made a charge against me and here I am."

Not a word of the five postponements while political friends were "fixing it," not a word of the man's reputation as a wine dealer. The judge appears to be studying the man for a moment, then asks him:

"What were those few things?"

"Well, you see, Judge, it was like this. I had this wine in my cellar a long time. I was moving to another house and I had to move the wine, didn't I? So I put it in my car and then the cop comes along and he won't listen. That's all, Judge, Your Honor."

The judge continues his study. "Well," he said, "you want to be more careful. You must obey the law. If you say you were just moving it from one house to another house, I won't punish you. But remember that prohibition has been written into the Constitution, and the Constitution is sacred. Be careful. Case dismissed."

Reporters wait for the judge after court is adjourned. They ask him why the man has been allowed to go free, why he had been given the five postponements. The judge explains that the facts gave him no other alternative and that any man is entitled to reasonable delays.

"But," says one reporter, who shall be here known as X, "by your decision he's allowed to keep the wine, 300 gallons of powerful stuff. Where are the cops? Who's the big shot behind this man?"

The judge is busy—he has another appointment and the questions go unanswered. Reporter X goes to police headquarters, in the same building, and there verifies his belief that the wine has not been confiscated, that the police have allowed the man to keep it.

Reporter X returns to his office and tells his city editor the story. The city editor sends him to the managing editor. The managing editor listens, then remarks, "Good story, but——"

"But what?" asked X, forgetting he stands before the mighty one.

"But you can't write more than a stick on it, and not even that much. Hurts me as much as it does you, and all that. But you know what it means, a rap at the judge, and the judge is a very dear friend of the

paper; and I don't have to tell you he's an important man in the party."

"That means the dirt doesn't come out?"

The M. E. scowls. "Policy is policy. Just write that the charge against this man was dismissed, and you can make it look good for the judge. Say he administered a sharp rebuke and gave the man a stiff warning."

Friend of the paper. Pooh-pooh business.

The Holland Vehicular Tunnel is controlled by two commissions, one composed of New York men and the other of New Jerseyites. Each group has the power of appointment.

At one meeting, the question of dismissing a group of tunnel policemen on various charges was up for consideration. The charges were read and the men were dropped from the force. After the meeting, the reporters copied the names of the discharged men, and left. In the hall, Reporter A stopped to exchange greetings with Mr. B, who held an important appointive post in the commission and who was a candidate for his party's nomination for governor. Then the reporter went on to his office.

Not all the names of the patrolmen appeared in his story. Only those who had been sponsored for appointment through the influence of Mr. B, the candidate, were included. The others? They had been sponsored by a political friend of the paper, and the reporter had been given orders in the office to omit them. The paper was opposed to Mr. B and was glad to expose his appointees, discharged from the sacred trust of guarding the tunnel traffic. The fact that policemen endorsed by the friend of the paper were fired for the same reason must be concealed. Dirty tactics?

Pooh-pooh business.

For two weeks the reporter had been working on the story. The assignment had come from the editor himself—an assignment to disclose the operations of a contractors' ring.

A highway extending the entire length of the county was to be built. The contract had been awarded to a firm, which had started the work. Suddenly, mysteriously, the work stopped.

Investigation revealed that rival contractors had been busy. None of them would talk, of course, and the reporter sought long before he found somebody who would. Then the light grew a little brighter. A bitter struggle for supremacy in the lucrative contracting field was being fought. The contractor whose work had been halted was being victimized by the ring.

Names were important, and the reporter tapped many sources for them. Men who knew were afraid to tell, and others were "out of town" to reporters. It was an ugly situation. Graft amounting to \$250,000 was involved, but the names of those interested were not yet uncovered. Several questions still remained unanswered. Was that amount being demanded of the contractor by the ring before the work could be continued? What political powers were working with the ring, composed, it was believed, of contractors who were underbid by the man who was now being made their victim?

Every newspaper man with several years of experience has worked on a story of this type. He knows the difficulties it presents, because of the Big Shots usually involved, because of the secrecy of the informed, because of the fear of exposure.

The reporter continued his investigation, and hallelujah! Somebody in The Know was discovered who, like the others, promised the reporter his cooperation and arranged for an interview a week later. The big break was near, and the story, not a word of which had been printed yet, looked up.

Two or three days after the Somebody's promise of an interview, the reporter received a telephone call in the office.

"I understand," the Voice said, "that you're writing a story about the highway situation. Never mind how I know, but don't you write it. Who am I? I'll tell you, and that'll shut you up. (He gave the name of an official of a civic organization in the county through which the new highway was to run.)

"If you write that, you'll do a lot of damage. You do know it? Well then, don't, that's all."

Old stuff in newspaper offices—the Threat. The reporter replied:

"I wouldn't kill this story for you or anybody like you. You're wasting your time. And besides, why are you interested?"

"Never mind that," the Voice answered, "but you keep it out or I'll see your editor. He knows me very well. Are you going to keep it out or must I take it up with him?"

"You'll have to talk to him," the reporter said, and hung up.

One hour later the reporter was summoned by the editor, who ordered the reporter to write what he had and hand it in to the editor only. But what was there to turn in? Without the facts of the \$250,000 deal, without the names, it was—peace to the spirit of Jesse Lynch Williams!—no story. The reporter, obeying orders, wrote what he had and submitted it, believing it would be kept for reference only.

"You don't have to work on this story any more," said the editor, "unless you hear from me. I'll handle it myself."

A story did appear, a story weak as watered milk, as senseless, in its covered-up form, as a radio talk on birth control to rabbits. The editor had compromised with the possessor of the Voice and had sent a story through that told nothing of the dirt beneath, that was garbled and jumbled—a mass of half-truths worse than outright lies. But the editor had satisfied his conscience.

Yes, that ended it. "You don't have to work on this story any more." Another friend of the paper.

The reporter grinned, two years later, when an order went out to the city and copy desks, from the editor's office, placing a certain name on the blacklist of names never to be mentioned in the paper. It was the name of the man who had succeeded in killing the investigation and who, two years after, had turned against the paper.

Pooh-pooh business.



### Why Blame Lindbergh?

Is the press yapping at Lindbergh's heels? If it is, can it justify itself for its seemingly unfriendly attitude? Or is it merely acting the part of a terrier pup that snaps at a passerby just for the excitement of raising a rumpus?

The famous flying colonel is not the easiest man in the world to question, some newspaper men will tell you. At times he is aloof, even brusque. He is apt to end an interview so abruptly that reporters must go back to their papers with very little to write. Often, naturally, they have been inclined to lay the blame on him rather than on themselves.

However, Lindbergh has talked at length to some newspaper men. One of them is Ralph L. Peters, of the *Detroit News*. Recently, on a visit to Detroit, Lindbergh spent nearly two hours with him and gave him enough material for several columns of good stuff.

Peters believes he understands Lindbergh's point of view. He gives you the whys and wherefores of it, as he sees them.

*In the  
December Quill*

(Continued on page 18)

# Getting Material For Fiction

Writers Can—And Do—Gather It Any Time and Anywhere

By FRANKLIN M. RECK



THIRTY-FIVE years ago, Dr. Barbour—then lieutenant-governor of Wyoming—summoned Owen Wister to Cheyenne. It was the period of the cattle war, and Dr. Barbour was acting governor of the state.

He summoned Wister because they were good friends, and possibly because he wanted company during a stressful time. Anyhow, Wister went out.

He found his friend, Dr. Barbour, besieged in the state capitol building. With him were an assortment of state officials, senators, congressmen. The forces that had reduced them to this strait were the cattle rustlers.

In those days, cattle rustlers were getting bold. Every man suspected his neighbor. There were no fences and rustling was a charge that was difficult to prove. Ambitious ranchers were having a good time of it swelling their herds. They controlled the courts and were safe from conviction. They intended to control the state government as well.

All in all, Wister found things interesting when he got to Cheyenne. For days—I don't know exactly how many—he lived with the besieged government in the capitol building. They had a pretty good time of it. There was a sufficient quantity of liquor to open the gates of mellow philosophy. There were cards to shorten the hours. And there was yarn-spinning.

Wister listened and talked with the rest of them. Mostly he listened. At all hours of the night and day, he heard voices of the West as only those state officials knew it. He heard the story of Emily, the Hen. He heard the story of the frog ranch. He soaked up tales of the Vigilantes, of summary justice dealt out to offenders in cottonwood groves, where one might find a limb high enough to swing a man out of the saddle and leave him suspended by his neck.

Some time after that *The Virginian* appeared. It may not be a great book, but it has been produced as a play several times, as a movie at least twice, and hundreds of thousands of copies have been sold. Nearly everybody has read it.

Wister is not a Westerner. He got his material for *The Virginian* during that siege of the state capitol.

It seems to be the fate of most newspaper men to

want to write fiction—a book like *The Virginian*, perhaps. Or maybe something better. Or at least short stories for magazines. In fact, any kind of tripe that will add to their income, open an avenue of escape from the daily grind, and possibly make them famous.

And some of them wonder how one gathers *material*: the incidents, the background, the knowledge of a subject that go to make up a fiction story. Of course there are other requirements to fiction writing: an ability to construct plot, an ability to depict character, a feeling for words, a knowledge of what's interesting and what isn't. Getting the stuff for a story is perhaps the easiest problem the writer must solve. But this article limits itself to the gathering of material.

Wister got his material for *The Virginian* in a few short weeks. He got it mostly second-hand. And so we have the paradox of an Easterner writing one of the most vivid and authentic Western stories ever written.

Which leads us to the conclusion that one way to gather material is to keep your ears open. Nearly every newspaper man has the opportunity to hear as good yarns on some subject as Wister heard about the cattle-rustling West. Turn those yarns into a fiction story.

Others get their material by living it. Laurie York Erskine, writer of war flying stories for *Collier's* and *The American Boy*, was a pilot in the Royal Air Force. He was in innumerable dog fights and single combats. He was forced down between the lines and had the pleasure of running for the Canadian trenches with a Boche machine gun to speed his going. He got his share of Germans. He flew lumbering, helpless bombers on long flights over German territory, with avenging Fokkers diving on his tail. He didn't know he was gathering material then.

For another series of stories dealing with the Canadian Northwest Mounted, he read police records in Ottawa and visited mounted police posts throughout Canada. A comparatively short investment of time yielded him several years of writing and selling.

Thomson Burtis, writer of all kinds of stories for *Adventure*, *Short Stories*, *The American Boy*, and a half dozen other magazines, has both lived his material and gone out after it.

His flying stories come from his experience as an

army flier. He spent a summer traveling with Sells-Floto circus, and learned first-hand about boss canvasmen, First of Mays, tattooed ladies, clemis, and trapeze artists. Result, perhaps 200,000 words in the previously mentioned magazines. And more to come.

He went to Mexico and Texas for oil field stories, to Hollywood for the best part of a year for movie yarns. He'll go any place that adventure beckons.

Frederic Nelson Litten, writer of sports, dog, Western, and flying stories, is a conscientious keeper of notes. He went to Brooks and Kelly fields for several weeks, lived in the barracks, went through the strenuous physical exam, learned to fly and actually soloed, in order to get material for a series of flying school stories. He came away with a full notebook and out of the notebook grew a stream of checks.

He lived on a ranch in Arizona. He traveled in a boat through the crab fishing region of the Chesapeake. Two more notebooks that will yield serials and short stories—and checks.

Samuel Scoville, writer of animal stories, sits at his home in a large city, and out of an encyclopaedia grow stories of gazelles racing over the African veldt, of crocodiles, elephants, and lions. He's never been to Africa.

William Heyliger, leading author of boys' stories, gathers material painstakingly and thoroughly. He recently spent a month at Gimbel's department store in New York. He waded into stock rooms, delivery rooms, departments, inner offices. He learned about store policy, shop-lifting, buying. Out of his investigation, stories are pouring regularly.

Sinclair Lewis appoints himself special investigator of a profession and rakes in material until he has a barn full of it.

Jack London went to Alaska, and then produced *The Call of the Wild*, the Smoke Bellew stories, and others. He shipped before the mast and wrote *The Sea Wolf*.

Howard Pease took a ship for China, and out of his trip grew two books,

*The Jinx Ship*, and *Shanghai Passage*. A voyage on a tramp freighter resulted in *The Tattooed Man*, and a stay in the South Seas last summer is soon to bear fruit in another excellent boys' book.

By this time, the reader is protesting that his job permits no such extensive—and expensive—material-gathering as a trip to China or Alaska. It isn't necessary. Everybody is always gathering material.

Richard Howells Watkins, for instance, is turning his years of experience as aviation editor of the *New York Sun* into innumerable short stories on the most swiftly developing phase of the air—the commercial airport. Watkins has never flown a ship—but his stories are good. Countless others shape stories from their daily experiences—material they get without going across the street.

Small towns, villages, countrysides, are full of rich ore for the prospector who will hunt it—at least Ben Ames Williams, Clarence Budington Kelland, Ruth Suckow, Willa Cather, Sherwood Anderson, Joseph C. Lincoln, and dozens of others have mined gold from them. All you have to do in such a community is listen. Almost any villager can furnish, in an evening, material for a half dozen stories. He can tell you all about the grandparents, parents, brothers and sisters, cousins, uncles, and aunts, of any other villager.

Last summer, in a little Michigan city, a grocer committed suicide—hung himself in the basement of his store with a piece of clothesline. The people of the town could tell you every circumstance that had had a part in the man's death. They knew his business had been suffering for years; that he had not been able to pay the wages of his one clerk, who had worked for him for two decades; that his credit was ruined; that, on the night a new chain store opened to crowds of customers, he stood in the middle of the street in front of his empty store for hours while buyers streamed in and out of his rival's doorway. They knew his wife had been un-

### Behind the Curtain

Sitting in the office of a magazine that devotes most of its space to fiction is a good deal like standing behind the scenes when a musical comedy is on the boards—one gets revealing glimpses of the machinery back of the product presented to the cash customers. The sitter learns, for example, where writers get the material for their stories and how they gather it.

Franklin M. Reck, who is responsible for the article beginning on this (the opposite) page, has occupied a point of vantage from which to view the field of fiction for something like four years. As a member of the staff of *The American Boy* he has been in close contact with scores of successful writers, and his conversations with them have brought him an inside knowledge of the methods they and others use to pick the literary cotton from which they weave their stories.

Newspaper men, who daily gather facts for anything from obits to feature articles—especially you who hope some day to take a fling at writing the Great American Novel—can learn here how news hunting differs from the questing of the fictioneers. One conclusion you're bound to make—a good reporter may be able to get the stuff for a short story or a novel, but it takes a man who can write to whip it into shape.

Maybe you will be forced to other conclusions. Read, and find out!



(Continued on page 18)

# Putting the Exchanges to Work

How the Detroit News Makes Them Produce Exclusive Stories

By RALPH L. PETERS

EVER since the early days of American journalism—the days of Benjamin Harris and his *Public Occurrences*, of John Campbell and his *Boston News-Letter*—the “exchanges” have played a part in setting forth the news of the day. Sometimes it has been a major part, again a minor one.

There was a time when the exchanges, together with the paste-pot and shears, served chiefly as a means of enabling the hard-pressed editor to fill his yawning columns. News was scarce and his duties many. The exchanges were his bulwark.

Larger staffs, the advent of news-gathering associations, and the formation of companies for the supplying of feature and editorial matter have long since brought an end to the scarcity of news. The problem today is one of selection.

From the decline brought about by these changes, the exchange desk is now emerging into a period of increased usefulness. No longer is the exchange desk the last resort of the aging newspaper man as it has been considered in the past.

The exchanges—newspapers and magazines are still so termed, although they now are obtained by subscription—are being put to work. They serve a variety of purposes, and additional uses are being found constantly.

The Detroit *News* is one of the metropolitan papers that has been using the exchanges to its advantage and a new venture now promises to greatly increase the existing value of the exchange desk. Later on, when the new plan has been given a thorough trial, it may be possible to describe it. At present, however, the idea is still too near the embryonic stage to permit of safe prediction.

To the exchange desk of the *News* come more than two score magazines, domestic and foreign, and more than 150 newspapers, national, state and foreign. Each day's mail brings a huge consignment of papers and magazines from the four corners of the country and from abroad.

One by one, in rapid fashion, these papers and magazines are scanned by the exchange desk staff. The black crayons of the readers light here and there with cryptic markings as the task of sorting the chaff from the kernels is accomplished. The marked stories or articles are clipped and sorted for disposition.

In the marking of the publications, Alton D. Spencer, exchange editor of the *News*, explains a number of needs are considered. All stories or articles in which present or former residents of Detroit figure are marked and clipped. The same applies to any story or article related in any way to Detroit or a Detroit citizen.

Mr. Spencer says that on a number of occasions an item marked in an out of town paper has resulted in a good local story that otherwise might never have been printed. Most of these, of course, have been exclusive.

All sections, columns, articles, and news stories which would be of use to the various departments of the *News* are marked and clipped. These include art, agriculture, autos, aviation, books, churches, gardens, movies, music, stage, fraternal, women's departments, society, real estate, sports and other subjects. Through these sections, columns, etc., the editors of the various departments can see what is being done elsewhere in their lines, and interesting items may be rewritten for local use.

Then there are particular subjects in which the paper may be interested, such as reforestation, the St. Lawrence waterway, harbor improvement, police use of radio, markets, airport development, and others.

When such special material is wanted, the exchange editor is notified and in the future all matter relating to these topics is clipped and delivered to the departments making the request.

Sparkling local stories from other points that did not make the press wires are clipped and rewritten for time copy. The same thing is done with general and feature stories from the exchanges. The exchange desk endeavors to keep around fifty columns of time copy ready at all times. This is used in bull dog editions, extras, and whenever an emergency rises. Considerable departmental copy is supplied in this manner.

Feature material is prepared by taking clipped stories, rewriting the story from another angle, and supplementing it with additional data and photographs from the scraparium. Also, the *News* has a column on its magazine page filled with miscellaneous matter. This column contains historical subjects, oddities, and items of unusual and informative nature.

# Discovery --- The First Reader's Birthright

The Bottom Rung of the Magazine Ladder Has More Than One Compensation

By JOHN D. MORSE

I KNOW a man whose one boast is that he discovered a great writer. As first reader of manuscripts on the staff of a popular magazine, he picked from his daily stack the first short story of a writer whose books are now found on library shelves.

This man's pride is not so much in the fact that he recommended acceptance of the story, but rather in that he did not reject it. Although the writer's ability might have been discovered sooner or later, anyhow, still he was the *first* to see the promise in the writer's work. Nor can he be denied a share of whatever glory attaches to this particular literary find.

Several months as first reader on *The American Boy* have given me a keener understanding than I once had of my friend's happiness in his job. I see now why he feels himself more privileged, in a sense, than the second and third readers (his superiors) and even the editor who makes the final decision. For the rest of the staff there must always be an awareness that everything they read has been judged good by somebody else. They may not admit it, but their reaction can never be quite as whole-hearted or natural as that of the first reader.

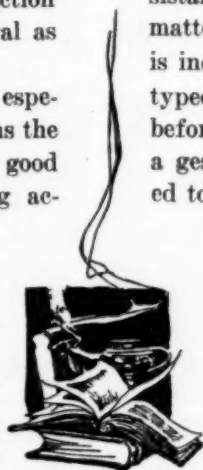
There are other rewards for the first reader, especially if he hopes some day to write. He learns the value of the impression made by clean copy on good paper, and the negative value of the too-long accompanying letter that "tries to sell" the manuscript. He is forced to see the futility of wasting postage on material not definitely aimed at a particular audience, and he comes to realize that a knowledge of markets is money in the pocket. He begins to understand that the fiction writer must make his characters interesting to the reader—and his

atmosphere and action as well—by making them act rather than by telling about them. But my chief concern in this essay is to tell what the job is and give my impressions of it.

All manuscripts submitted to *The American Boy* go through the same procedure, no matter whether they come from such old hands as Clarence Budington Kelland, whose Mark Tidd tales have delighted generations of the magazine's readers, or from doting mothers who send in "My Son" poems by the score every year. Once unwrapped manuscripts are entered on the manuscript record, some of them are marked with crosses, and then the whole mass of them (from twenty to forty separate contributions from fifty words to one hundred thousand words long) is deposited in a tall stack on the first reader's desk.

While the first reader is still new to his job, these marked manuscripts are likely to undermine his peace of mind. The cross warns him that the manuscript must be passed on to the second reader (the assistant managing editor, on *The American Boy*), no matter how good or how bad it is. The first reader is inclined to think, for a week or two, that the typed report he attaches to the marked manuscripts before sending them up the line is little more than a gesture. He has been told that he is expected to give his honest reaction in every case, and this he tries conscientiously to do, but in the back of his brain there is a lurking doubt that his opinion carries any weight.

In time, though, he learns that the cross on a manuscript may mean one of several things. It may mean that the writer is an old friend of the magazine, or that he has sold material elsewhere, or that he is a man



## Now, Magazine Work —

The beginner in journalism usually lands on a newspaper. And he knows what to expect. Millions of words have been written about city rooms.

The beginner in magazine work isn't so lucky. Not much has been written about magazine offices.

The article herewith aims to dispel some of the darkness surrounding the activity of a general magazine that specializes in fiction. It tells what a first reader does and how he feels about his job. Incidentally, it contains a hint or two for future writers. The author hopes to become a writer some day, himself, and to that end, grabbed the chance to put in a year on a general magazine before finishing his last year at the university. Here's what he thinks about first reading—

of professional standing, or that he is a boys' worker, or even that he is a youngster starting out while still in high school to scale the slippery heights of literature. All such contributors are singled out for special courtesy, but not for special consideration. This the first reader discovers with something of a shock when he takes his courage in his hand and writes a bitter report on the offering of a writer whose work has been tested for years and found worthy—and finds, a few days later, that the staff has agreed with him that the manuscript must go back!

Yet it must be admitted that the marked manuscripts never hold for him the romance he finds in those others. He gets from them much enjoyment, of the same sort one gets from a recommended book. He is prone to take one of them with him when he goes to the barber shop during office hours. He can yield himself to the pleasure of appreciation when he finds one he likes particularly well; he can have the fun of picking out and exposing the tiny flaws that lessen the strength of the final effect, knowing that the story will be the better for his meticulousness when it appears in the magazine; he can attack it with ridicule or with scorn if he decides against the story—all these possibilities are open to him. And they make his job exceedingly interesting. But the unmarked manuscripts, since they are unknown quantities, wield a fascination that makes him ever eager to see what lies in their pages.

The first reader picks up an unchecked manuscript. He smooths out the creases and guesses by the name and nature of the introduction (unless the writer confesses everything in the explanatory letter that accompanies the efforts of most beginners) the age and sex of the author. He reads, enthusiastically or perfunctorily, with pity or amazement, and makes his decision—to pass on or reject. In some instances a dilemma besets him; in most, unfortunately, it does not. Manuscripts to be passed on to the second reader and thence to the fiction editor and the managing editor if they are not sifted out on the way, are set aside to await their yellow report slips. Those rejected are cast regretfully or savagely into the wire basket.

The first reader often has the uncomfortable fear that a story he considers bad may appear in a rival magazine. And there is the worse thought that stories over that author's name may continue to appear in other magazines. Then comes the sickening feeling that his judgment may have been poor, and he makes a vow to reject no more manuscripts at all. Usually this vow dies suddenly at first sight of a twenty-thousand-word account of a boy hero by his uncritical mother; or less swiftly but quite as surely when the

first reader sees several stories he's passed on lying mutely in the reject basket, where the second reader has placed them. Thereafter he lifts up his responsibility again, perhaps with a certain anger at himself for having faltered, and once more trusts himself to decide according to his lights.

The first reader can never escape a certain sympathy for a writer, however impossible his effort, especially when he knows from his own experience how cold the printed rejection slip may seem. The impulse to write a letter of friendly criticism is always present, and he denies it only with an effort, for he feels that a sympathetic word might help to soften the blow he must deal to the author of a rejected manuscript. He considers, too, that a letter might help some beginner to a firmer, clearer style, to a better handling of dialogue, to more deft and colorful character portrayal—advances in technique that could conceivably blossom out later in a passable story.

But editorial time is limited, and neither the first reader nor any other member of the staff can encourage, and advise, and lecture as much as he could wish. So he philosophizes that the rejection slip is comment enough on most manuscripts, tells himself that encouragement can never put into the product what is lacking in the author himself, and goes on about his business. He becomes somewhat hard-boiled because he must.

Yet he spends a good many hours, the greater part of them quite fruitlessly, in trying to help writers who seem to show promise. Such gentry, if they are persistent as well, can do their part in piling up enough work for the first reader so that he will be compelled to read manuscripts at home after five o'clock. He is expected (or at least he thinks he is) to "develop" a new writer every so often, and this he strives determinedly to do by picking up a newcomer with a personal letter. He worries over his doubtful Hugo, sweats over him, thinks about him at night when he should be sleeping—and usually, in the end, receives a heated letter from his protegee complimenting him on his capacity for thinking up silly reasons for rejecting perfectly printable stories!

Yet some correspondences have been profitable. After I had rejected three stories from a man who obviously had decided to write after reaching definite maturity, I could not help marveling at his perseverance when I saw his fourth. Naturally I read it more carefully than I had read the others; and momentarily doubting my judgment, I passed it on for the second reader's opinion with the recommendation that we write. We sent him a criticism. Back came another story, and back went our letter pointing out more

(Continued on page 20)

# Argentines Looking at Us

The American Correspondent of *La Nacion* Tells How He Covers a Continent For His Paper

By RUDOLPH V. GERBER

NEW YORK CITY boasts of more than fifty foreign correspondents—men sent to the greatest newspaper city in the world to keep Paris and Peking, Copenhagen and Calcutta, Brisbane and Berlin informed of what the United States is thinking and doing. Ever wonder how these men operate—what kind of thing they report, why they have their jobs, what their responsibilities are, how much “stuff” they send each day?

W. W. Davies is one of the group. Davies is American correspondent of *La Nacion*, great Buenos Aires daily. Born in Australia, naturalized in this country, his work has been for years to tell the Argentine about the nation which, in many ways, is more like the great South American republic than any other. What is his job?

“Selection of the news,” Davies told me. “Not collection of it—there are dozens of agencies for that. Not writing it—you can’t put very much style onto a cable, at 50 cents a word! The job of a foreign correspondent is to cull from the tremendous mass of material that pours across his desk

every day the very small portion of it that is important, or interesting, to his own audience.

“That means that every one of those fifty men has a different task. Each one gets the same material day by day; and each one sends a mightily different version of it, picks different portions of it, sees different angles to it. How much do you suppose, for instance, the Warsaw correspondents in New York sent home when Luis Angel Firpo knocked Jack Dempsey through the ropes?”

Very little, I supposed.

“Naturally. But on that fight I sent 7,000 words—\$3,500 worth—to *La Nacion*. Firpo is an Argentin-

ian, you’ll recall. Both cable and wireless were employed. Another Firpo fight was reported to Buenos Aires by radio phone. That meant engaging two radio experts and a special announcer, installing a lot of machinery beneath the ring, leasing a special telephone wire to Pittsburgh, and retransmitting the an-

nouncer’s words to Argentina. More than that—it meant convincing Tex Rickard that *La Nacion* rated four extra ring-side seats!”

The foreign correspondent, Davies says, is the interpreter of the country to which he is sent as far as his own readers are concerned.

“It’s largely up to the New York foreign correspondents, and those in Washington, to govern what the world thinks of America. Selection again becomes important—selection not only of what to send, but how to send it. One handling of the North Carolina labor battles might make America seem a broiling mass of armed strikers and strike-breakers; another would make its industry appear a capital-ridden, unhuman machine; a third a socialistic experiment.”

Davies believes, incidentally, that the worry occasionally expressed in the United States press over the amount of crime and scandal news of America published in foreign papers is without foundation.

“Naturally a nation like this,” he declared, “with its great cities and its high-speed life produces thrilling accidents, plenty of criminality and the like. But foreign correspondents aren’t interested in thrill-news. In my opinion there’s no need for all this talk that’s been directed at us.

“As it happens, there are no newspapers in the world which devote so little space to crime and scandal as those of Buenos Aires. Most of the citizens of

## He Told It First

Though you may not know it, you’ve already met W. W. Davies, the foreign correspondent quoted in Mr. Gerber’s article.

When the steamer *Vestris* started her last voyage last year, Mr. Davies was one of her passengers. His first instinct when the plight of the vessel became known was to get the story to the world. This was impossible—ship’s officers could not permit the use of the radio for news when it was needed to send SOS calls and hoped for answers.

Mr. Davies was in the Atlantic for an hour, in an open boat for fifteen. He had to hold his story until, after his rescue, he reached New York. There he dictated the first complete account of the *Vestris* disaster, and soon after you read it in your own newspaper.

# THE CITY ROOM ~ LITERATURE

Newspaper Work Kills the Imaginative Faculty

By STEPHEN H. POLLINGER

**Y**OU want to write? You're going to be a newspaper man because you think a reporter's job is the best approach to a career in literature? I wish I could agree with you, but five years in editorial rooms, some of them overrun with cockroaches, have convinced me that reporting is anything but a stepping stone to fame as a writer. I expect you'll smile disbelievingly when I say this, but my opinion is this: the City Room is the slaughterhouse of the two forces that work together to make literature—creative imagination and the feeling for technique.

I thought you'd smile like that. Go ahead. And if you don't care to hear what I have to say, it's all right with me. I realize that I may be wrong—but it's possible that the people who advised you to get a job on a newspaper to lay foundation for writing don't know what they're talking about. Anyhow, I'm going to get this off my chest. Don't stop me if you've heard it before.

Here's what the young man who wants to be a writer is like. He's sincere, if he really hopes to do anything worth while. He's keenly interested in life. He wants to record his impressions for posterity. He looks at life as a prism held up to the bright sun. Let's say he's talented, too, and that he feels there is a great public waiting for the chance to give him recognition. He has scanned the list of modern novelists and he's seen there the names of numerous ex-reporters. So he looks for a newspaper job and gets it.

I can get bitter about this. In fact, I am bitter about it, and I want to protest bitterly at the illusion that exists—and that is kept alive by working newspaper men to their eternal shame—the illusion that newspaper work is the best training school for fiction writing. It is anything but that. I have seen too many talented men broken on the pillory of newspaper work in the big cities not to know. Look over the literary field yourself and tell me if the best work is the product of former reporters.

But the young man, eagerly hopeful, doesn't probe deeply into contemporary literature. He visions only a list of names: Ben Hecht, Henry Justin Smith, Ben Ames Williams, Harvey O'Higgins, Theodore Dreiser, Ernest Hemingway, and many more. I don't say they can't write. Some of them may deserve, and may get,

a permanent niche in the literary hall of fame. But most of them are torches in the night, destined to flare up a brief instant before they die. Yet the young fellow doesn't stop to think of the permanent value of the output of these one-time slaves of the man on the desk. The fact that their stuff is published is enough for him.

Literature is an art. It springs from the very depths of a man. Only the sensitive individual, alert to all the colors and sounds and tastes and odors of the world, awake to the pathos and comedy and tragedy of life, in sympathy with the divine spirit that impels human beings to try to solve the riddle of existence in a universe that wears no gloves in working out its inscrutable ends—only a mind delicate enough to receive the ether waves of experience can produce literature. The capacity to pick them up out of the air comes before the ability to filter them, examine them, rearrange them, and infuse in the new pattern that spiritual quality that makes it an original and true expression—a poem—a short story, or a novel that deserves to be called a work of art.

But put the sensitive mind in the newspaper office, and it is soon made callous. It cannot receive a hundred impressions a day, sort them, give each its proper scrutiny, and put them in their own pigeonholes.

## What's Your

In the accompanying article Stephen H. Pollinger makes a case for the young man who wants to prepare himself for a newspaper job and he does it with a pugnacious vigor that makes his work in what he so earnestly says.

Pollinger speaks from a close contact with the men who have been in the newspaper business more than five years, although he is not now employed on a newspaper. He was still attending to his duties as a reporter for the *Detroit Free Press* when he was still attending to his duties as a reporter for the *Detroit News*, the *Pittsburgh Post*, the *Denver Post* and other smaller papers.

The *Quill* does not necessarily endorse Pollinger's views, instead, the position of moderator. It would like to see a discussion of the position of the literary man—not they hope to be (or ever hoped to be) literary men—such a discussion much of value to would-be writers may come.

The season's open for all opinions, pro and con. This is

# ERARY SLAUGHTERHOUSE

ity and Undermines the Capacity for Patient Effort

EN H. POLLINGER

The impressions, in fact, become blurred; they run into each other until one is hardly distinguishable from the other. There is too wide a gulf between the sordid sexy murder of the morning and the insipid talk of the society leader's afternoon tea for the sensitive mind to bridge. It is impossible to make the mental adjustment necessary to reconcile such extremes, and indeed the necessity hinders rather than helps. And even if the would-be young writer has a mind agile enough to leap from one to another, the time comes when the jump is too much of an effort because it has been made too many times to hold out the thrill of novelty. After a while, automatically, the young man labels his experiences, and forgets them. Once that far along, his capacity to assimilate fully what he sees and hears is forever gone.

Suppose, (though I must call this a wild supposition before I offer it) that the young fellow somehow is able to keep his mind plastic. A few men do—a very few—I can count those I know of on the fingers of one hand. If he can keep his freshness, his ability to see a dead man, say, as a husband and father, and not merely as another unidentified body, can he continue indefinitely to put his impressions into words? I've seen too many men lose their command of a vivid, living, incisive style to believe that many of them can.

## Your Opinion?

nger makes a frontal assault on those who counsel a newspaper man to keep his mind plastic. He carries the fight to the enemy, and his words carry weight. There is nourishment for thought

men who work on newspapers extending over a period of years on a newspaper. He started as high school sports reporter at Central High School. Later he worked for the *Denver Post*, the *Pittsburgh Gazette-Times*, and many other

nger's views because it gives him space in its columns. It would like to know what other newspaper men—whether reporters or editors—think about it. Out of the mouths of many will come.

n. This is your license. Let's have your reactions.

Maybe one in a hundred can do it—my own opinion is that the figure is nearer one in a thousand.

The young reporter who sits with the gang around the battered desks after the paper has gone to bed can learn many things, of course. He may learn something about words. Words are his tools. Well, let's talk about words. The newly fledged reporter has a passion for them—certainly he has it if he wants to be a writer. He wants to learn their meanings, their moods, their colors, their structures, their backgrounds. The staff welcomes what he has to offer, because he has a feeling for words. He'll learn, in time, that the others were like him—once. Now they only listen, comment dryly, shrug their shoulders; they like his eagerness, they like to hear what he has to say, but after all. . . .

A year goes by. The youngster has become something of a veteran. He has written thousands of words, by this time, has filled hundreds of columns with the black marks on white paper that make sentences, paragraphs, complete stories. He hasn't stinted himself—he has poured forth his vocabulary day after day as his job demanded. At first he handled his words lovingly, painstakingly, fitting them into his sentences as a musician fits notes into a symphony. But once or twice he was late for edition, and then there were other words, well-worn and blatant, from the lips of the city editor. After that he kept his eye on the clock while he wrote, in order not to be on the wrong side of deadline. Imperceptibly he began to fall into the habit of using old words, tattered phrases, ancient ideas—anything to get the yarn on copy paper before the presses began to roar their demand for the news of the last few hours. Now he is like the most of the men in that busy City Room, for he has acquired—you've heard it said glibly a good many times—a thing known as "facility."

That's what they call it. Facility. He got it in the mad house known as the City Room, where telegraph instruments spit and tick, typewriters clatter, and men bellow continually for copy boys. He must have it, to keep his job on the paper—he must be able to knock out one little word after another, as fast as his fingers can hit the keys, while the city editor stands at his desk and tears off each paragraph as he writes

it. He can write a thousand words, a column, in fifteen minutes, or twenty minutes at most. Well, he's paid for it. Unless he's a genius, he's writing now in the common and current vocabulary, the hackneyed and yellowed phrases of the typical newspaper man.

I'm not giving you my fancies. I'm telling you what I know of the insidious treachery of newspaper work. I've sat up with men in offices in Detroit, Pittsburgh, Denver, and elsewhere until the early hours of the morning, when the gray dawn, a frightened old woman, raised her hand to brush the seamed faces of old young men who once were talented and dreamed of being novelists. It's an old story. The sheet had robbed them of originality, humanness, curiosity, and had left them nothing but a sour disposition and a bored attitude toward life.

A fine picture I paint you? Well, maybe there's another side. Newspaper work does give you confidence. But the young man is immature when he comes to work for the first time; the fascinating array of daily events stuns him; all that he sees and hears fails to serve any purpose, for the whole of it is so bewildering that not a single thing can be isolated out of the mass for thought.

After a while, too, he begins to repeat. The newspaper keeps on making its demands for speed in composition, and soon each new story is a replica of the one that preceded it. The young man casts every assignment, when he comes to write it, in the same mould. What else can he do, the business being what it is?

Talent grows best where conditions are most favorable. Life moves too swiftly in the City Room to nurture talent. There are no silent corners. A man is lucky to keep himself anything like what he wants himself to be—he must struggle to keep his individuality alive as the stunted pines struggle above timberline in the Rockies.

If you have any talent, you'll succeed without newspaper training. My own belief is that the newspaper men who have succeeded as writers did it in spite of, rather than because of, their newspaper training. Maybe they quit their jobs before the grind did them much harm, or maybe they had more iron in them than most of the men I've known.

For that matter, the successful ex-reporters haven't done much to raise the standards of present-day literature. Possibly the former reporters whom publishers are now pleased to call novelists are responsible for the rather pathetic state of the art as it is practiced by the moderns. Facility, superficiality, speed—do these words apply in the evaluation of the work of our

writers? If they do, newspaper training is at fault, at least partly. A job on a paper is not conducive to the development of a highly polished style, thorough investigation and studied analysis for the purpose of bringing into being a careful and original synthesis, or a leisurely method in developing a work of art.

You want to write? You're going to be a newspaper man because you think a reporter's job is the best approach to a career in literature? You haven't changed your mind? Well, go ahead. You'll have plenty of company, anyhow, along the path to disillusionment. And when you catch up with me, don't wince if I say:

"I told you so."

### Three Newspaper Tragedies

I have just seen one of those things one always reads about in books, or sees in the movies, and then forgets because the people concerned are so far away—and besides, one didn't know them, anyway.

Tragedies must happen. Of course they happen away from home all the time. Such things do not occur right under one's eyes.

But they do.

Last night I watched three newspaper men lose their jobs. They were told to get out, effective immediately. There was good reason for their dismissal . . . but that has nothing to do with the tragedy.

One is a married man, with two little girls. He had been just managing to live on his fifty-five dollars a week. But two months ago his wife, for some reason no one has been able to fathom, turned against him. She drove him out of his home. By legal technicalities, she was given possession of both children. She ran up huge bills at the stores, for him to pay. She took his new automobile. Lately he had been living at a Y. M. C. A.

It must have been enough hell being thrown out like that. Now his job is gone, too. Worse, it was his own fault. He is broke. Dead broke.

Another who was discharged is an ex-service man. He is an exceedingly capable newspaper man. He was gassed in France. He is married, has no money except his salary, and is trying to buy a home. He has a little girl, about six years old.

Several months ago he became a dope fiend. He was warned, but the habit got a hold on him. He became useless, and "blew up" every week or two. He was dangerous to the paper. He lost his job. He is a nervous wreck.

The other man was too confident of his importance to the paper. He was capable, but slow. In addition

(Continued on page 19)

## Journalism Draws Wisconsin's Keenest

**B**OYS and girls who propose to enter journalism as a career are superior students in high school, it is indicated by the results of statewide psychological tests taken by 16,600 high school seniors in Wisconsin.

Potential journalists, 283 of them, made the highest general score, leading their nearest competitors, the prospective chemists, by seven points. Seniors who selected law as a career were two points below the chemists.

Not only was the general average of the students selecting journalism as their life work higher than any of the other groups, but the number who scored low was very small. The lowest 25 per cent of the future journalists was higher than the general average for the whole list.

The figures are based on statewide tests, believed to be the most comprehensive ever attempted. Virtually every high school senior in the state took the tests before graduation in June. The purpose was to discover the ability of the seniors to do college work, explains Frank O. Holt, registrar and director of the bureau of guidance in the University of Wisconsin.

In the group of potential journalists, there were 98

in the upper 10 per cent, and only four in the lowest 10 per cent.

Students choosing medicine did not average among the highest groups, but 25 per cent of them ranked in the upper 7 per cent of all high school seniors. The largest group, 3,687 seniors who selected teaching as a career, were represented almost equally in all grades from low to high. Lowest in rating were those who proposed to be beauticians, and next above them were the mechanics and electricians. "No choice" students, 2,639, were third from the bottom.

Significant in the results, according to Mr. Holt, is also the showing of those who expressed a desire to enter a four-year college or university.

Forty per cent of these ranked in the upper 30 per cent of scores made in the aptitude tests. Of 16,600 seniors who took the tests, 7,404 want to go to college. In the top group, those scoring in the upper 25 per cent, 62.3 per cent want to go to college. In the next 25 per cent, 45.6 per cent declared their intention of going to college. In the next 25 per cent, 38.4 per cent would like to go to college, and in the lowest 25 per cent, 30 per cent expressed an intention to continue their studies in a four-year college.

## Missouri Prepares for Fraternity's 15th Meeting

**S**IGMA DELTA CHI will hold its fifteenth convention at the University of Missouri at Columbia, Mo., November 18, 19 and 20. The sessions will not be the fraternity's first on the Missouri campus, for in the spring of 1916 a national convention of the fraternity was held in conjunction with the annual "Journalism Week" at the University.

After thirteen years a fraternity which, in 1916, was facing problems that involved its very existence, returns to Missouri with accomplishments and a prestige scarcely dreamed of in that year before the interval of the War.

Forty-four active chapters and a number of alumni chapters are expected to have delegates at the convention, and many alumni are planning to attend unofficially. President Robert B. Tarr has invited all members of the fraternity living near Columbia to be present at the convention.

Sessions will be held in the Journalism building and the first will open Monday morning at 9:00 o'clock. The Executive Council of the fraternity will hold its annual pre-convention meeting Sunday, November 17, probably in Columbia, to clear away details

of the business program before the delegates go into action.

The speaker for the annual convention banquet, which is held on the first night, for the benefit of alumni who plan to be there, will be William P. Beazell, until recently assistant managing editor of the *New York World*. Other newspaper men will appear on the program, but their names have not been announced by the host chapter.

Glenn J. Degner, of the Missouri chapter, is chairman of the general convention committee and under his direction the Missouri Sigma Delta Chis are extending considerable effort toward producing one of the best conventions ever held by the fraternity.

All active chapters are required to have a delegate at each annual convention and alumni chapters throughout the country are urged to send a delegate. Alumni Secretary Walter Humphrey says he will have a high percentage of the alumni chapters represented. With the growth of the fraternity, alumni participation becomes more and more important and it is expected that the coming convention will result in greater alumni interest in its problems than ever before.

(Continued on page 19)

# THE QUILL

THE QUILL is published by Sigma Delta Chi in the months of February, April, June, August, October, and December. It is devoted exclusively to the interests of journalists engaged in professional work and of young men studying journalism in American and Canadian colleges and universities. It is the official publication of Sigma Delta Chi, international professional journalistic fraternity, founded at DePauw University, April 17, 1909.

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## Another Door Opens

The increasing cost of newspaper properties has seemed, to many an intending young journalist, to present an obstacle too great for him to hope to surmount, and has deflected his interest to other fields of occupation and investment. An accompaniment if not a partial cause of this economic trend has been the chaining of papers of all classes and in all sections of the country. But there is nothing peculiar to the publishing industry in the consolidation and grouping of properties and the magnifying of capitalization. It is an almost universal tendency in business.

It is still, of course, possible for the competent young man to invest in a modest publication; stimulate its growth and increase its value; extend his holding in the property or acquire others, and thus gradually elevate himself financially and professionally. But he is not thus closely restricted, he may now acquire a share, however small, in the policy of a newspaper or chain of newspapers.

Announcement is made that Scripps-Howard employees and members of their families now have \$7,130,000 in the investment stocks of the concern. The public, specifically including employees, is invited to take over a half interest in the prosperous Boston *Herald and Traveler*. The huge aggregations of capital represented by the Rothermere and other publishing interests of England are heavily shared by employees and outsiders. Hearst has gone into the money markets with bond issues open to all and sundry. Even

in lesser enterprises, such as chains of rural newspapers (one of which includes more than a score of weeklies) there is a wide dispersal of stock of which staff members own substantial amounts; and dividends are no less regular than pay envelopes, though less frequent.

Ownership of a modest block of stock in a publishing concern, with privileges of attendance at annual meetings, may not appeal to the young journalist as in line with his ambitions and expectations; but it is a step toward a place on the directorate, and savors of that stability of purpose, thriftiness, and sagacity, which even unromantic executives like to reward. If it does not necessarily lead to affluence, it assuredly holds out more promise than hit-or-miss financial adventures in fields alien to his experience and training, or precipitate assumption of the responsibilities and hazards of independent publishing.

## Newspaper Nightmares

Senatorial inquiry into the activities of William B. Shearer, propagandist at the Geneva Arms Conference, has brought blushes to the cheeks of honest newspaper folk everywhere, and has elicited heated retorts from correspondents whose names were dragged into the case by the shipbuilders' under-cover worker. It is not the first time the Senate has gravely conducted an inquisition of the character, nor will it be the last. And on each such occasion the press has been, and will continue to be, put upon the defensive by slippery and unscrupulous hirelings of special interests.

This year, journalists have had their appetites for major scandals of the kind quite surfeited. It began with the evidences of power trust influences over news and editorial matter; reached a crescendo with the exposure of the International Paper Company's ill-advised and ill-concealed financing of newspaper purchases, in the very apparent interest of hydro-electric monopolists; and now the unpleasant note is sustained while the Government inquires into the possible criminal interference with its diplomatic negotiations.

Inevitably, there has grown out of these unpleasant revelations a renewal of the ancient protest against lobbies and lobbyists, with threats of summary legislation aimed at their undoing. Futile protest and gesture! While democratic governments persist, there will be the right of petition. So long as legislators are elected by the suffrage of the people, there will be a welcome in our capitals for the representative of influential individuals or groups or interests. And until law-makers cease to make laws affecting the for-

tunes of men, it will be not only inevitable but advisable for "legislative representatives" to look in upon them from time to time, and make known the wishes of some part of the electorate. But this does not preclude consideration of the abuses of lobbies, and proper steps for their regulation.

The press suffers from the contaminating influence of propagandists, not because propagandists exist, but because reporters and editors are too often guileless, inept, indifferent, or lazy—perhaps, indeed, all of these things—and, in rare instances, corrupt. Gaily they accept the publicity handout, lightly they swallow it, and none is so amazed as they when they find it causes insomnia—not to say nightmares. The alert and industrious journalists who have a gift for penetrating beneath the surface of events; who habitually search out the motives which activate men in making or dispensing news; who accept with reluctance and suspicion the offerings of the press agent, and put them to the severest tests of accuracy before sharing them with the public—such journalists have little to fear of propagandists, and occasion their publications a minimum of embarrassment.

But when ill betides, and we are as individuals and as a profession put to shame by such scandals as are now breaking about our ears, we always smile grimly and ask ourselves: "What is the professor of 'publicity and public relations' saying to his class this bright morning?"

### What Kind of Lesson?

Out of his adventure in plunging the International Paper and Power Company into the business of newspaper financing, optimists surmised that A. R. Graustein, president, would learn a salutary and expensive lesson in the ethics of publishing. Possibly so.

International bought a half interest in the venerable *Boston Herald and Traveler* in January for \$5,379,000, and in September sold it to Boston bankers for some \$7,000,000. The bankers, of course, propose "changes in the capital structure" and a public offering of the stock. The *Herald and Traveler* editorial touching the situation reported "the measurable consequences of the purchase of our stock by the International Paper Company interests seem to have been distinctly beneficial" to the newspaper. In such a game who loses, and who learns a lesson, and what is the lesson learned?



### Fulminators

Maybe this is not an interesting way to start an editorial—and an editorial, if we remember our college course in editorial writing, should always be started interestingly—but we are going to start it this way regardless. At least a certain amount of independence has been regarded as a virtue in editorial writing.

Still, this is bad business. Here we are, with fifty-odd words written already, and we haven't yet got in to our subject. We may have been wrong about this, after all. It might have been better to begin with a strong statement, and then modify it afterwards. Perhaps we have broken one of the laws of editorial writing, and this editorial therefore should be considered a crime. But we are committed to our course, and we intend to stick to it.

We do not want to be misunderstood about this. We don't intend to make fun of editorial writers. No, we have great respect for editorial writers and for the laws of editorial writing. There must be Order, mustn't there? There must be a Way to Do Things? We think that is self-evident, and we think it is so self-evident that we ought not to be accused of making light of editorial writing. If we are accused of it, we shall plead not guilty. Let that be a warning.

This is the way we are going to launch our editorial. We are going to say, "The other day we met a newspaper man who was disgusted with editorial writers." And now that we have said it, our editorial is on its way.

Our friend said that what he dislikes about editorial writers is their habit of sitting back in their chairs, puffing out their chests, and fulminating. They don't do it often, he said, but they do it whenever they get a chance. They watch for the opportunity, and when something gets in their way that they can hit without having anybody strike back, or when the publisher is away, they fulminate.

Well, maybe that's true. But fulminating is fun. We like it, privately. And often it's justifiable. We know that we have read editorials that have given us a tremendous "lift"—we like to see somebody, at times, hitting out knowing there's a chance that the hitter will take a few belts in return.

And we'll say right now that if anybody doesn't like the fulminating we do in these columns we'll be glad to know it. Then we'll either fulminate some more or cut it out. And that's a promise.

### **Pooh-Pooh Business!**

*(Continued from page 5)*

Well, if it isn't Miss Kane, back again. Now what's on your mind? You tuned in on the patter? Yes, yes—oh, you're dead certain now you don't want the noble institution.

Ts, ts, ts! It's a great profession, all in all. That patter was straight goods, Miss Kane, but don't judge the whole show by one or two acts that don't click.

You see, this friend of the paper business is bad. No doubt of it. But then, it's only a condition, Miss Kane, and conditions must be met. Every paper has friends. The only enemies it has are the poor fools who are dumb enough to belong to the wrong party or who aren't related to the publisher's second cousin.

Editors are great fellows. I've had some swell ones. And, just between us, Miss Kane, I've been one, in a small way. But editors have to take orders from publishers, and don't think the publishers don't have to take orders. The publishers have friends. Who? Oh, political bosses, big advertisers, the wife's cousins, big bankers—do me a favor, Miss Kane?

Sing that pooh-pooh song again!

### **Putting the Exchanges to Work**

*(Continued from page 8)*

Much of the material in this column is culled from newspapers of other states and is filled out with information gleaned from the library.

When magazines or other newspapers reprint cartoons, feature stories, editorials, or paragraphs from the *News*, the exchange desk staff clips the reprinted matter. There are times too, when the editors are interested in knowing how a local story has been played elsewhere. The exchange desk shows them, with clippings. This applies to the handling of any certain story, whether local or otherwise.

Tips for feature stories out in the state are obtained from the exchanges. Suggestions for the improving of various departments, such as classified advertising, often are to be found in papers from other cities.

Magazines are read, marked, and their articles rewritten for the same purposes as outlined for the newspapers.

From this enumeration of the duties of the present day exchange desk and the uses to which the exchanges are put, it will be seen the exchange desk acts as sort of a clipping bureau for the many departments making up the paper as a whole. It acts as the "eyes" for these departments. It gives the department editor an ever-changing survey of what is being done by his con-

temporaries in other cities. From his inspection he may adopt ideas or evolve new ones for his own department.

To a lesser degree, the editor of the small town paper will find exchanges helpful. They will supply him with filler as of yore, and also with ideas and information adaptable to his own editing.

His exchanges should include the papers from the county seats of neighboring counties, papers from cities of like population in various portions of the state, papers from the state capitol and other large cities of the state, and several metropolitan papers.

From the columns of his fellow editors in nearby cities and points of like size in other sections of the state, he will be able to obtain information bearing on the local problems in his own city, whether they have to do with schools, water supply, power, parks, playgrounds or whatnot. He also will obtain news having a local significance or concerning former residents.

From the larger papers he will find news concerning former residents who have "made good" in various fields of endeavor—writing, engineering, music, the stage, and a host of others. He will cull articles concerning national figures who may have visited his city. Children of present residents who are doing things in distant cities will furnish good copy when their doings are reported in the press.

Comment on his city, favorable or otherwise, in other publications will be worth reprinting. Inspiring and instructive editorials in other papers may be clipped and reprinted for their excellence. Material of various sorts can be gleaned for the local editorial page and the various departments, just as it is done on the exchange desks of the city papers.

In addition, the editor will be kept on his toes by seeing what other editors are doing. New ideas, new suggestions and improvements will be brought to him by careful consideration of his exchanges. If he permits them to do so, they will keep him out of the rut.

### **Getting Material for Fiction**

*(Continued from page 7)*

faithful to him, exactly how much his brother had advanced him to keep him in business, and they knew how much he owed when he gave up the struggle.

To turn such facts into fiction, of course, is another matter. That's the difficult thing, and this article has nothing to do with that.

Has it helped you?

Good.

(You liar!)

### Missouri Prepares for Fraternity's Fifteenth Meeting

(Continued from page 15)

Delegates must bring with them the usual reports, including: chapter treasurer's book, brought up to date; chapter membership book, also brought up to date; chapter efficiency report; professional efficiency report (required to furnish a basis for judging which chapter has the best professional record among its members for the last five years so that the Murphy trophy can be awarded); delegate's part of registration blank entitling him to a seat in the convention; list of chapter alumni who died during the last year, for the annual memorial service; and the name of the chapter adviser for the coming year.

Lunches and dinners have been arranged for the delegates, and housing quarters will be furnished by fraternities, so that expenses for each delegate will be low.

Detailed information will be available at International Headquarters, 836 Exchange Ave., Chicago, as fast as plans are definitely completed.

### Three Newspaper Tragedies

(Continued from page 14)

to that, he loafed, played around when the others were working or appearing to work. He criticized the managing editor.

Last night I could see an expression of defeat on his face. He is a failure. He will always be a failure, and he knows it. He, too, is married. Owns his own home. Not a pauper, but he must find another job. What excuse can he give for leaving, when he knows he left through no wish of his own?

And those three saw young men, college-trained, come in and take their places. They were bitter. Cynical. Envious. Jealous. They ridiculed the college-

trained men. They made light of journalism schools.

They did not keep their thoughts to themselves. Instead they talked, loudly, sneeringly. Had they foreseen what would happen to them? If they had, they had made no effort to avert the blow. They had changed neither their attitudes nor their habits. Their stand had been that of men too proud to fight.

Well, possibly it would have been futile for them to have tried to alter the course of things. Those in authority might have thought that the change of heart was tardy—or merely temporary. "A clean sweep"—their employers might have decided among themselves—"only a clean sweep will do the job."

Still, if these men had taken thought in time, none of them would be what he is today—the victim of a tragedy. If they had made it their business to develop their abilities to the full, to live soberly and sanely, and give a full measure of service for the wages they received, they'd still be on the job.

The time to think is before the thing happens. Afterwards is too late.

RICHARD POWELL CARTER.

### JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

Jesse Lynch Williams, whose short story, "The Stolen Story," is known and recognized as a classic by countless newspaper men, died September 14.

Williams was born at Sterling, Illinois, and was graduated from Princeton in 1895. He received the degree of Master of Arts in 1898, and in 1919 was given the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature. He was made president of the Author's League of America in 1921.

"Princeton Stories," in 1895, was the first of a long series of short stories, books, and plays. His literary career reached its peak in 1918 when his play, "Why Marry?" was given the Pulitzer award for the best American play produced during the preceding year. He was the first to win the Pulitzer dramatic prize.

### American Editor Resigns

Merle Crowell, editor of the *American Magazine* since 1923, has been forced to resign his position because of ill health. In his place the publishers have named Sumner N. Blossom, editor of *Popular Science Monthly*. Crowell, fresh from a sanatorium where he was cured of the effects of rheumatic fever, and with a past that included a year at Colby College and more than that as a lumberjack in the Maine woods, determined to get a job on a New York newspaper. For two years, while he sold correspondence school courses, he haunted the newspaper offices. Finally the editor of the New York *Sun* gave him a job and started him toward success.

### **Discovery—The First Reader's Birthright**

(Continued from page 10)

weaknesses. The correspondence went on and on until we bought the writer's ninth attempt! We have taken two more since.

It is unlikely that the name of this "discovery" of mine, whom I helped "develop," will ever resound in the noble and well sung halls of fame, but I get a huge satisfaction every time I think of him. He is, in a sense, my personal triumph, almost my creation. And when I remember how near he came to death in the rejection basket, I pause before consigning what appears to be a commonplace story to that well populated graveyard. I pause, but not for long.

The responsibility of the first reader's position is often rather terrifying. Not only does he face the possibility of rejecting something really good (the thought that no one will know is of little relief), but there is his report, in the form of a yellow memorandum slip, firmly and indelibly attached to the story passed on for the second reader and (he hopes) eventually to the distant desk of the managing editor.

The memo is a ritual. To say something valuable, and at the same time to be a bit clever, is of course the object. There is the awful fear of becoming too enthusiastic in a boyish way, and the additional horror of undervaluing a story that may meet with the unanimous approval of the rest of the staff. It is impossible to be non-committal. One must be either for or against. And one must have reasons. The first reader types off his memos with rather less aplomb than he wishes he possessed, rather defiantly, if the truth were known. He knows that the memo is either a deadly declaration or an enduring vindication of judgment, and he is tremulous at the thought of his slightly sophomoric statements lying naked on the sophisticated desk of the editor. The first reader's memo is often a pitiful thing.

A good memo, though, like virtue, carries its own reward, for the staff member who edits the accepted story uses the memos of the staff as a guide. The first reader may disagree with the star of all the magazine's writers, in his memo, and have his quarrel upheld by those above him. This is a rare thrill, and it has consequences; for when I saw verbatim in print what I had thought was a rather bold suggestion of mine, I gained a confidence that must have made my memos intolerable for days.

There is much suspense in the job, including the suspense of waiting to find out what the staff thinks of a story the first reader has recommended—or has riddled with objections. Sometimes he is bold enough

to ask questions, but often he is answered quietly and effectively when he finds an enthusiastic memo with its lifeless manuscript in the rejection basket, or reads the letter accepting a story that somehow survived his disfavor.

So his education goes forward until experience has taught him what the magazine wants and what it can do without, and he has gained what is known as "the professional slant." But never, if he is worth his salary, does his eagerness to look through his manuscripts falter, for he will not surrender his discoverer's birthright for a mess of sophistication.

### **Argentines Looking at Us**

(Continued from page 11)

South America have their origin in Europe; consequently they take special interest in European news. I believe I am catering to one of the best informed reading audiences, as far as politics and economics are concerned, in the world. The entire first page of *La Nacion* is reserved for international news.

"The Associated Press sends four to five thousand words a day to my paper. It has my own special service as well. My work is to select national news that has special bearing on Argentinian problems; I ignore strictly local news almost completely. Yet *La Nacion* prints more news from New York every day than from the entire continent of Australia."

Newspaper speed means even more to him, Davies says, than to the ordinary local reporter.

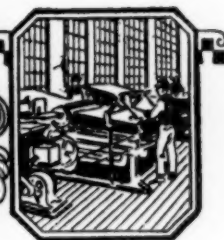
"One of the great New York editors once said that news is 80 per cent speed and 20 per cent news. Think what that problem becomes when the happenings of a nation have to be digested, pruned, selected and then sent 5,000 miles!"

Davies says there is a very definite course of procedure open to the young newspaper man who aims at foreign correspondence. First, he says, study foreign news. Learn its character, its handling, its manner. Take a job with a metropolitan newspaper, a press association or—best of all—as assistant to a foreign correspondent. Become familiar with the language of the country to which news is to be sent. Develop an "international sense." Study communications; above all, build up a background of information.

"Graduates of schools of journalism should have these things, if they're aiming at foreign work," he advises: "A knowledge of interviewing; judgment as to news value and news accuracy; a detached attitude toward a story—an attitude devoid of personal prejudice; a strong sense of personal responsibility; resourcefulness and determination."



## WITH SIGMA DELTA CHI AFIELD



LYMAN CASS (Nebraska) has taken over the newspaper at Ravenna, Neb.

FRITZ DALY (Nebraska) has gone to Hastings (Neb.) as sports editor of the daily there.

ROBERT C. ANDERSON (DePauw '26) has left the Indianapolis *Star* editorial staff to go with the Indianapolis office of the Associated Press as street man.

ROBERT G. BATMAN, former city editor of the Indianapolis *Times*, has joined the Youngstown *Telegram* as city editor.

ALFRED E. WALL (Colorado) recently was promoted to the night managership of the Associated Press district bureau office in Denver.

PAUL GESSNER (Michigan-ex '23) is on the city staff of the New York *Evening Post*. He was formerly with the *Jersey Journal*, Jersey City, N. J.

ROBERT E. SEGAL (Ohio State '25) has been appointed promotion manager of the Cincinnati (Ohio) *Post*, with which paper he has been since graduation.

JOSEPH B. COWAN (Missouri '29), who is editor of the San Saba (Tex.) *Star*, assumed his duties as instructor in journalism at Texas Christian University, Fort Worth, Sept. 15.

A. V. GULLETTE (Colorado) has left his job as courthouse reporter of the Lincoln (Neb.) *Star*, to become editor of the Walsenburg (Colo.) *World*, a weekly newspaper.

ARTHUR SUSOTT (Wisconsin '29) is now city editor of the Athens (Ohio) *Messenger*. He was formerly news editor for the Dunn County *News*, Menomonic, Wis.

VOLNEY B. FOWLER, veteran city editor of the Indianapolis *Times*, has joined the General Motors Export Corporation publicity staff at New York City.

JOHN H. DREISKE (Northwestern

'29), president of the Northwestern chapter last year, is now covering general assignments for the Chicago *Tribune*.

JAMES F. DENTON, president of the Colorado chapter last year, was married this summer to Lucile Norvell, former editor of the University of Colorado *Dodo* and later assistant secretary of the University Alumni association.

DELFOED M. NEELY (Colorado) became assistant director of publications for the Continental Oil Co., following the company's merger with Marland Oil. Neely's headquarters was moved from Denver to Ponca City, Okla.

VICTOR KEENE (Colorado) for several years a member of the New York *Tribune* foreign staff, now has complete charge of news for that paper in China. His headquarters are at Hongkong.

BYRON H. CHRISTIAN (Washington '21), instructor in journalism at the University of Washington, has gone back to Seattle after spending three months on the night desk of the New York office of the Associated Press.

DONALD H. CLARK (Grinnell), past president of the fraternity, is on his way to Europe. He will tour the continent, visiting London, Paris, Munich, Vienna, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, Palermo, Tunis, Biskra, Algiers, and Marseilles.

ROY L. FRENCH (Wisconsin), past president of Sigma Delta Chi, has returned to his duties as head of the department of journalism at the University of Southern California after a summer in Europe.

SAMUEL H. RECK, JR. (Iowa State '29) is assistant bulletin editor in the department of rural journalism and printing at South Dakota State College. His job keeps in contact with editors throughout the state.

HENRY M. FLOWERS (Indiana '28), formerly of the national advertising department of the Indianapolis *News*, is now a reporter on the Fort Wayne *News-Sentinel*.

MUNRO KEZER (Nebraska) is courthouse reporter on the Lincoln (Neb.) *Star*. During the 1929-30 school year he will work for his degree of Master of Philosophy.

FRANK W. MAYBORN (Colorado) was married on August 28 to Miss Ruth E. Whitesides at Fort Worth, Tex. Mayborn is publicity director and advertising manager of the Northern Texas Traction Co.

JOSEPH KRUEGER (Michigan '26) has returned to the city staff of the Newark *Sunday Call*, after a leave of absence during the summer. He and Barney Koplin (Michigan '26) managed their own boys' camp in Maine.

JEROME J. HENRY (Wisconsin '29) has assumed the responsibilities of editorial assistant at the University of Wisconsin College of Agriculture. He has charge of publicity releases for the college and of radio broadcasting from the university station. Henry was editor of the *Wisconsin Country Magazine*, house organ of the College of Agriculture and Home Economics, while in school.

EDWARD T. INGLE (Florida Associate), associate professor of journalism at the University of Florida, worked on the copy desk of the Washington (D. C.) *Star* during the summer. He also did research work in the Library of Congress upon a journalism problem. Ingle, a graduate of the University of Michigan, has begun his second year at Florida. He was promoted this year to an associate professorship.

MARTIN CODEL (Michigan '24) is the author of several articles appearing in monthly installments in *Nation's Business*. One article dealt with the "inside" of the cost of broadcasting. Another was concerned with the methods and the improvements needed in Federal control of the radio industry. The articles attracted the attention of *Harper's*, the publishing house, and Codel has signed a contract for a book dealing with various phases of radio. He is Washington correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance. His office address is 911 Barr Building, Washington, D. C.

GERALD MOVIUS (North Dakota ex-'31) is working on the night desk of the Fargo (N. D.) *Forum*.

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DOOK STANLEY (Washington '29) is handling publicity for the Associated Students of the University of Washington. Dook recently returned to the University after spending a year on *The American Boy* and the *Detroit News*.

\* \* \*

WALTER W. R. MAY (Oregon State College associate), who was formerly executive news editor of the *Portland Oregonian*, is now city advertising manager of the paper. Last June he delivered the commencement address at Willamette University, and what he had to say on "News—the Great Incentive" was so distinctive that the University printed it in booklet form and sent it throughout the country. Requests for copies came from a number of universities, including the University of Berlin, which asked for the booklet in order to place it in a library of journalistic books now being formed.

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IRWIN STAFFORD, (Toronto), is on the staff of the *Border Cities Star*, at Windsor, Ontario.

\* \* \*

WALTER R. HUMPHREY, alumni secretary of Sigma Delta Chi, has resigned his position on the Fort Worth (Tex.) *Press* to become editor of the Temple (Tex.) *Daily and Sunday Telegram*. Humphrey was to assume his new duties November 1. "I hate to quit Fort Worth," he writes, "but I think it's a good break and I'm eager to get started." The *Telegram* was recently acquired by Ward C. Mayborn & Sons.

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PAUL G. NORRIS (Grinnell '27), who has served as assistant city editor and sports editor of the *Marshalltown (Iowa) Times-Republican* for the last two years, has been made Central Iowa editor of the *Times*. He is in charge of the special news service of the three counties.

\* \* \*

BOB HAYES (Washington '29) is on the staff of the *Portland (Ore.) News*. In a letter to THE QUILL, Hayes takes issue with Lester J. Sack, author of "Our Own Fault," which appeared in the August issue of the magazine. "The Front Page," writes Hayes, "to the minds of many who've made the police press room their habitat, is a very correct study. All the author, Ben Hecht, did was to put into the space of a few hours what might be expected, under ordinary circumstances, to happen in the course of six months, or a year." Sack said "The Front Page" was "of course greatly exaggerated."

FRANK L. SNOW, professor of journalism at Oregon State College and former adviser of the Sigma Delta Chi chapter there, is now editor of the *El Segundo (Oregon) Herald*.

\* \* \*

LAWRENCE LAUPHEIMER (Missouri '29) is now connected with the Hugh Stephens Press in Jefferson City, Mo.

\* \* \*

J. RUSSELL HEITMAN (Missouri '27) is editor of the *Rantoul (Ill.) Press*.

\* \* \*

JOE COWAN (Missouri '29) is now on the faculty of Texas Christian University's journalism department in Fort Worth. The department is headed by J. Willard Ridings (Missouri '26).

\* \* \*

ROSS PHIPPS (North Dakota '29) is day telegraph editor of the Fargo (N. D.) *Forum*.

\* \* \*

CHARLES G. BURKE (North Dakota), who has been on the staff of the Fargo (N. D.) *Forum*, is now advertising manager of WDAY radio station in Fargo.

\* \* \*

EDWARD FRANTA (North Dakota '27) is editing the *Cavalier County Republican* at Langdon, N. D.

\* \* \*

ED YOCUM (North Dakota '27) recently became the father of a daughter. Ed is state editor on the Fargo (N. D.) *Forum*.

\* \* \*

GLEN PARSONS (North Dakota), who has been night editor of the Fargo (N. D.) *Forum*, was recently appointed manager of a radio station at Minot, N. D.

\* \* \*

WILLIAM MOELLER (North Dakota '28) is on the staff of the *Bismarek (N. D.) Tribune*.

\* \* \*

E. GERALD BOWMAN (Butler '29), formerly editor of the *Butler Collegian*, college daily, is city editor of the *Daily Clintonian* at Clinton, Ind. Bowman worked with the Associated Press, Indianapolis office, before going to Clinton.

\* \* \*

CHARLES ANDRUS (North Dakota '29), who has been editor of the *Emmons County Free Press* at Linton, N. D., during the past summer, recently joined the staff of the Fargo (N. D.) *Forum*.

\* \* \*

JULIUS BACON (North Dakota) recently sold the *Grand Forks (N. D.) Herald*.

GEORGE COLLINS (North Dakota), who sold his paper, the *Foster County Independent*, Carrington, N. D., recently returned from a trip to Africa and Europe.

\* \* \*

EDMUND D. KENNEDY (Pittsburgh '29) is with the J. Walter Thompson Co., advertising agency, New York City.

\* \* \*

SAM MINDELL (Missouri '29) is with the *Kansas City Journal-Post*, at Kansas City, Mo.

\* \* \*

JULIUS SHERMAN (Missouri '29) is on the *New York Telegram*.

\* \* \*

FRANK H. KING (Missouri '17), now on the London staff of the Associated Press and who has had experience as a news correspondent in Siberia, Russia, and elsewhere abroad, recently gave an informal talk on foreign correspondence before the members of the Missouri chapter.

\* \* \*

COLIN S. HERSHEY (Colorado '29) is on the staff of the *Rocky Mountain News*, Denver, Col.

\* \* \*

CLARENCE STEWART (Colorado '29) is with the *Colorado Springs (Col.) Gazette*.

\* \* \*

ROSS PHIPPS and CHARLES R. ANDRUS (North Dakota '29) are on the staff of the Fargo (N. D.) *Forum*.

\* \* \*

WESLEY MEYER (North Dakota '29) is with the *Detroit Lakes (Minn.) Tribune*.

\* \* \*

JOSEPH MCKEE (Grinnell '29) is taking graduate work at the University of Iowa.

\* \* \*

LAURENCE R. LUNDEN (Grinnell '29) is enrolled in the graduate school at the University of Minnesota.

\* \* \*

DON REID (Grinnell '29) is in the employ of the *Rough Notes Co.*, Indianapolis, Ind.

\* \* \*

ALLEN RINEHART (Oregon State '29) is with the *Beaver Engraving Co.*, of Portland, Ore. Rinehart was editor-in-chief of the *Beaver* annual in his last year at Oregon State.

\* \* \*

ROBERT BOTTORFF (DePauw '29) is on the staff of the *Kokomo Dispatch*, Kokomo, Ind.

\* \* \*

U. HOWARD FRIEND (DePauw '29) is working on the *Logansport (Ind.) Pharos-Tribune*.

**Be Ready for the Break***(Continued from page 2)*

forget Doc as he was when he came in—he was the most bashful boy in the world.

I took him around; he was to have my run, the "commercial." In one of the association offices we covered there was a stenographer. We cooked up a little thirty-second degree on Doc; he came through all right and has been going higher on the ladder ever since.

Luck played a big part in every one of the instances I've cited, and luck plays a big part more than half the time when it comes to getting a job on a city paper. If I hadn't "bought" the job of correspondent for the *Milwaukee Daily News* from my chum I might have gone into some other kind of work, or I might have stayed on a small town paper all my life. There are "ifs" in the other stories, too.

Still, it's significant that all three of us started out on small papers. And all three of us somehow made contacts with men on big papers who could give us a lift up when there was a place open. If you want a job on a big paper, remember that luck may not break for you right from the opening gun, but if you make a start somewhere, and if you get ready to grab your chance when it comes, you don't need to worry—some day you'll pick a winning number.

**THE SCHOOL of EXPERIENCE**

**T**HE product that bears a quality stamp cannot be constructed upon a designer's chart, nor upon the experimental desk of the factory superintendent. The task is accomplished only by sound experience, untiring effort and practical skill—a combination that has been made possible through the cooperation of our entire plant.

Before a new Balfour product can be marketed, it must undergo scientific tests to definitely assure durability and permanent attractiveness. Although built daintily, with artistic hands, fragility has never been associated with our manufacture.

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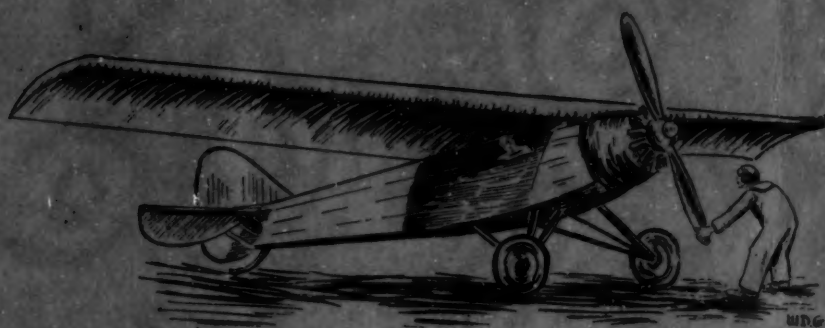
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